# The Sunday Tribune's News and Reviews of Books and Authors

## A Bookman's Day Book

By Burton Rascoe

The other day Judge Nott, of the Court of General Sessions, dismissed the case of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice against the publishers of "Jurgen," by James Branch Cabell. Judge Nott's decision was brief. It concluded with the words: "In my opinion, the book is one of unusual literary merit and contains nothing 'obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting' within the meaning of the statute and the decisions of the courts of this state in similar cases." The book was suppressed more than two years ago; the stock and plates in possession of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Co., were seized by John S. umner and his raiders; the book became the most "borrowed" volume America; every one who had a special taste for pornography paid as igh as \$50 a copy for it (and was rather disappointed after they found ttle therein to satisfy their appetite); an English edition was sold out a advance of publication, largely to collectors of erotica; people who might have found in it the beauty and delight and even the moral lesson of a fantastic and philosophical work of the imagination were deprived of an opportunity to read it. And thus was, what I am certain is the one literary work written in recent years by an American which is likely to endure, impressed upon the public mind as a smutty book, to be read with sniggers behind closed doors. Here is a case in point: A young woman had asked me to loan her my copy of "Jurgen," and I was not inclined to risk the loss of it. When the decision was rendered, freeing the book, I told her that she might now buy a copy at the regular price of \$2. "Oh, but I don't care to read it now, if it has been declared to be all right,'

To Cabell admirers and collectors of Cabelliana, I should recommend the "Brief for Defendants on Motion to Direct Acquittal" in the case, prepared by Garrard Glenn of the firm of Goobody, Danforth & Glenn, attorneys for the defendants. This brief constitutes one of the best reviews of the book I have read. It is learned, perspicacious, unusually

> SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28 Thomas Caldecot Chubb had invited

> > SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30

Last night I read "Pre-Raphaelite

and Other Poets," a selection of the

live; Fern Forrester and Frank Shay, ECEIVED the November issue Roy MacCardell and a number of of "The Dial" to-day. It con- others, and I got home very late. tains T. S. Eliot's new long poem, "THE WASTE LAND," a thing of bitterness and beauty, me to go with him to New Haven to which is a crystallization or a synthesis see the Yale-Army football game, but of all the poems Mr. Eliot has hitherto as I slept until noon it was impossible written. It is, perhaps, the finest poem to make the train, a fact I greatly reof this generation; at all events it is gretted. . . . Went to the office in the most significant in that it gives the afternoon and found there the new voice to the universal despair or resig- series of "Modern Essays: 1870-'20,' nation arising from the spiritual and edited by Ernest Rhys and published economic consequences of the war, the by Dutton, and I began reading them cross purposes of modern civilization, and continued to do so until late tothe cul-de-sac into which both science night. It is an excellent and diverand philosophy seem to have got sified selection. themselves and the break-down of all great directive purposes which give zest and joy to the business of living. It is an erudite despair: Mr. Eliot stems his poem from a recent anthropological study of primitive beliefs, as embodied in the Grail legend and other flaming quests which quickened tion that these studies are the most men in other times; he quotes, or tion that these studies are the most misquotes, lines from the "Satyricon" thoroughly informative critical writof Petronius, "Tristan und Isolde," ings ever written. A reason for it is the sacred books of the Hindus, Dante, obvious: Hearn, in talking to Jap-Baudelaire, Verlaine, nursery rhymes, anese students about the poetry of the Old Testament and modern jazz Rossetti, Browning, Swinburne, Mercsongs. His method is highly elliptical, dith and Morris, could not presume based on the curious formula of Tris- upon any knowledge whatever of the tan Corbière, wherein reverential and poets themselves, their racial tradiblasphemous ideas are juxtaposed in tions, their place in the Occidental amazing antitheses, and there are min-scheme of culture, the environmental gled all the shining verbal toys, impres- conditions out of which their poetry sions and catch lines of a poet who has arose. He was talking about poetry read voraciously and who possesses an which differed greatly in manner, in insatiable curiosity about life. It is content, in ideas and in images from analysis and realism, psychology and Japanese poetry. He had, then, to be criticism, anguish, bitterness and careful to overlook nothing. To make disillusion, with passages of great his students understand and appreciate, lyrical beauty. The final intellectual for instance, Browning's "My Last

starty Mr. Elie in his idenyraced spite. The property of the high proper

The Father of 'Jurgen' By Gene Markey



### What Hope for Women?

By Margaret Culkin Banning

Mrs. Banning is the author of "The Spellbinders," a novel of women in public life and the effect of a career on married happiness. Her theme is opposed to that of A. S. M. Hutchinson, set forth in



### London News Letter

By Douglas Goldring

T IS such a rare thing for poets tree-pipit, babble-wren or long-tailed to produce work equal to their tit. Mr. Massingham has now issued best in the evening of their lives that, as I confessed in this column me weeks ago, I expected to be dis-

best in the evening of their lives that, as I confessed in this columns on weeks ago, I expected to be distingtion of the contributes the preface.

It is query what an attraction boy, he has been book I am ahamed of my lank of faith. It is obvious that a man who can let book I am ahamed of my lank of faith. It is obvious that a man who can let important the contributes the preface of the volume which made him draffined men of letters. As a novel it is contributed the preface of the volume which made him draffined men of letters and admirrer of Man of Finds and a friend and admirrer of Man of Finds and a friend and admirrer of Man of Finds and a friend and admirrer of Man of Finds and a friend and admirrer of Man Beer and the possession of a psecularly high standard in regard to what he worth printing. That Fours, "of far any of firm the standard set by "EStrophythia", Last Fours, "of far any of firm the standard set by "EStrophythia", Last Fours, "of far any of firm the standard set by "EStrophythia", Last Fours, "of far any of firm the standard set by "EStrophythia", and from the sta

"That fellow always has a bird in his bonnet," said a wag the other day of Mr. Harold Massingham. Mr. Massingham's preoccupation with birds—to the exclusion of all other living things, including humanity—has long been a joke in literary London. In his father's paper, "The Nation and Athenæum," he sometimes even reviews novels from the standpoint of an ornithologist. Long ago he succeeded in infecting Mr. J. C. Squire and his group of fellow-poetasters with his enthusiasm, and for months past the poetry pages in "The London Mercury" have resounded with the chaffle of the yaffinch and the piping of the peewit, woodlark, lightened by irony and humor.

#### The Recent Incumbent

By Hunter Stagg

reader follow with intense interest won all our plaudits.

PIPPIN. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd.
Mead & Co.

OME three or four years ago Mr.
Phelps took his pen in hand and inscribed the lines: "Where does Mr. Marshall get that skill—absent from English literature since Trollope's death—of representing ordinary events and ordinary characters, not one of whom is wholly good or wholly bad, in a way that makes the reader follow with intense interest.

By Hunter Stagg

tion of writers on whom to confer the honor is a matter for endless amazer and that Mr. Marshall was not a man who could stand it is now, if never before, clearly apparent when the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" as the greatest book of our time and then three years later, with unimpaired self-satisfaction, labeled Blasco Ibanez, "the Robert W. Chambers of Spain," now meet with indifference a new work by the Englishman who not long since won all our plaudits.

And it was not long before variations and enlargements upon the theme sounded in this passage were being displication of the passages of great pirical beauty. The final intellectual impression I have of the poem is that it is extremely elever (by which I do not mean to disparage (it, whice controlled the poem is that the the poem is the poem is that the poem is that the poem is that the poem is th

od to know that there is a real litterary guaranty for the excellence of a current writer who happens to catch our fancy.

Anyway, every one was satisfied and almost every one enthusiastic. He who id not read Archibald Marshall was no better than a clod of earth, and the reviewer who had not published some word upon him was less than the dust. But of late one hears almost as little of the twentieth century Trollope as one formerly heard of the nineteenth century one. Although I dare say Mr. Marshall is now as good or as bad as he ever was, it must be admitted that he somehow does not seem so, and as fread "Pippin," his latest novel, I wondered if this were due to his publisher's naïve exposure, at the height of mr. Marshall's boom, of a number of reasons, good even to the least critical, why this writer was so long achieving fame. I have wondered the same thing, as many others must have, too, about por Mr. Merrick, done to death by the mob of ricketty, moth-eaten creations dragged into the light to flank his two or three really charming works.

Yet, contrary to the general impression, it is not the practice of "emptying the barrel" itself which is at fault—writers like James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergesheimer survive it without turning a hair, justifying it supremely. But certainly the injudiciousness of publishers in their selections.

#### My Years on the Stage By JOHN DREW The most distinguished actor on the American stage tells quite

informally of the parts he has played in fifty years, the roles he has created, the men and women who with him have given so much delight to theatre-going America. And it is not the life beyond the footlights alone which he sketches; famous men in all walks of life were among his friends.

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Author of

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STOKES, Publisher

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Mary E. and Thomas W. Hanshew

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#### **Imaginary Portraits**

By Ben Ray Redman

SOME DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS:
Imaginary Portraits. By Harvey O'Hisgins. Harper & Bros.

N AN essay published in "The
Nationa! Review," in 1892, Edmond Gosse uttered a warning
calculated to disturb the complacency of British novelists. After

placency of British novelists. After

The author's early
umes (which, from the rev
standpoint, is unfortunate, since
ligent appearing and specifiling
parisons are thereby rendered
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be trusted, Mr. O'Higgins's
Distinguished Americans' move
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Mr. Strachey, of course, leads the way, with Mr. Guedalla marching brilliantly at his right hand and Mr. Bradford marching less brilliantly at his left. What hosts will follow after the banners of these three no man can say, but be assured the hosts will follow after the low. And there is a five resident say, but be assured the hosts will follow. And there is a flying squadron, small as yet, composed of those who believe biography a fair form in which to let the imagination take shape: Mr. Masters showed the way in verse, for his generation, and he does not lack imitators; Mr. Beerbohm's "Seven Men" excites the imitative spirit, and Mr. Hergesheimer has already discovered that the free exercise of one's group of millionaires. Why! fancy along biographical lines results fancy along biographical lines results subsequently in many embarrassing questions regarding an author whose name is available in no work of ref-

What, indeed, could be more natural than the development of the "imaginary portrait" or the "imaginary biography"? Fiction in which action was presented for its own sake gave way, some years ago, to fiction in which action is employed only to reveal character. The next step is obvious: the character is lifted out of the clutter of a novel and set down in splendid isolation. We have then a single portrait or biography, unconfused by minor characters and landscape.

It is a clear-cut, tempting form. The

characters and landscape.

It is a clear-cut, tempting form. The old short story is yielding rapidly to the "character sketch": it may be that the novel will zoon definitely break up into its component parts. And the biographers have a reserve force in the companies of autobiographical novelists that are now roaming up and down the world: one shrill trumpet call and these authors would lay aside their unconcealing masks and stand forth bravely as avowed autobiographical necessary.

The above reflections sprang naturally from a reading of Mr. O'Higgins's latest book—n book that strikes another blow for the biographers. I sequence of conflicting force

# HANNE MONTH SAME BUTULIAN STREET

forth bravely as avowed autobiographers. Yes, there is no doubt of it; Mr. Gosse may have croaked prematurely, but the novel is threatened.

"Was Alice a good girl?"—
A question that has been asked by so many peoplethat two editions of the book that causes it were nearly all sold less than four weeks after publication.

"In 'Rita Coventry,' Julian Street has introduced himself as a novelist of unusual ability," said the Morning Telegraph. And the New York Tribune claims that "not more than two or three American authors equal Ju Street for sheer dexterity in the presentation of the His skill in gliding over thin ice is superlative. 'Ria Coventry' is a perfect bit of fiction. Shameful how men give themselves away these days. They have no sex

What do you think? \$1.75 Everywhere DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

by JULIAN STREET

# RIVA (CAPADAVIR)



OLIVER HERFORD illustrates es-chantingly this story for children:

The Bird-Nest **Boarding House** By VERBENA REED

The manuscript of this book by an we known author fell into the hands of Oliver Herford, who became so switched by it that he has filled it with the most deliciously funny drawings (of the Widow Grasshopper and Dack) Long-legs, of Col. Geo. W. Grub-Worm and his dashing team of horse-flies with the control of the little creatures that live in the grass) that you have seen in many a discontinuous control of the little creatures that live in the grass) that you have seen in many a discontinuous control of the little creatures that live in the grass) that you have seen in many a discontinuous control of the little creatures that live in the grass) that you have seen in many a discontinuous control of the little creatures that live in the grass) that you have seen in many a discontinuous control of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures that live in the grass of the little creatures th

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